

AMAZING JUNGLE STORIES OF PANAMA MONKEYS

Big Pythons Hunt Them, Parrots Protect Them, They Build Living Bridges and Are Remarkably Intelligent

ALBERT EDWARDS, the American author, has been making a study of Panama monkeys. He went to the isthmus recently on his third visit, intending to revise a book on the subject of Panama and the canal which was published by Macmillan & Co. two years ago. During his first week on the isthmus he became acquainted with an American named Murphy, who spends most of his time in the jungles of the Canal Zone and that part of Panama which is now reached by the extended arms of Gatun Lake. The acquaintance led to a number of visits to this jungle American and to a more intimate knowledge of the monkeys of Panama than any white man has yet attained. In speaking of his studies to THE SUN correspondent Mr. Edwards said:

"My first definite interest came on the occasion of a visit made to the home of Mr. Murphy on the headwaters of the Trinidad River late in September. Since the rise of water in the lake and the consequent increase of depth in the Trinidad Mr. Murphy's hermitlike home of bamboo and nipa palm is so easily accessible that he seriously contemplates moving further away from the lake region. As yet, however, the launch parties and amateur exploring expeditions that will almost surely invade his demesne have not disturbed the quiet of his solitude, and he lives there alone except for the jungle animals and birds that stroll fearlessly through his clearing and even seek shelter under his roof. In the limbs of a giant mango tree in front of his hut a family of monkeys makes its home.

"There seems to be a common impression among Americans on the isthmus that the Panama monkey is of one variety only, namely, the small spider monkey that is so common along the banks of the Gatun and Chagres rivers. My first surprise was to find that this is not true. The black monkey of the Trinidad Valley when fully grown stands 3 to 4 feet high and has a tail about the same length as his body, whereas the spider monkey of which I have spoken seldom stands more than 18 inches when raised at full length on his hind feet.

"This is not a discovery on my part, for I find that a number of the engineers who have conducted surveys in the Trinidad Valley have also run across these large monkeys and that F. D.

Wilson, who has charge of the study of river hydraulics for the Canal Commission, is well acquainted with them, both in their wild state and in captivity. In fact the few monkeys of this species that are kept in captivity in the Canal Zone (the kind that are commonly believed to have been imported from Africa) were brought into the settlements by some negroes who accompanied Mr. Wilson on a hydrographic survey up the Trinidad in 1906.

"This party of engineers and boat and machete men pitched camp one night on a knoll near the confluence of the Sirio with the Trinidad. An hour before daybreak they were awakened by a deafening clatter and were unable to resume their sleep because of the din that was kept up constantly. When it became light they saw that the noise came from a flock of parrots and parakeets and a colony of monkeys perched in a giant espave about 100 yards distant from their camp. This great tree appeared to be their home, for they made no steps toward leaving it when the men came up and tried to drive them from it by throwing sticks and stones.

"It was the desire of the engineers to make their camp in that place for a week or more and therefore they set off a charge of dynamite at the roots of the tree in the hope of scaring the monkeys and birds away from the locality. The concussion shook the tree, tore up some of its roots and so stunned the birds and monkeys that they fell to the ground, scores of the former and thirty-seven of the latter. The native negro boatmen rushed up and caught the helpless monkeys and carried them back to the settlements along the canal line when the party returned to civilization.

"Most of these monkeys died almost immediately in captivity, but three of them are still alive, one at Gatun and two at Las Obispo. That any of them live in captivity is considered rather remarkable, for the natives frequently catch the black monkey when it is young and try to domesticate it. Soon after it becomes adult it dies.

"The great enemies of the black monkey and about the only ones he seems to fear are the wildcat and the python. Although his habitat is commonly the trees, this monkey frequently descends to the ground and runs about through the underbrush in search of bananas and such roots as he relishes. On these foraging expeditions the wildcat, concealed along the trails or runways, attacks him.

"It is usually a futile attack, for the black monkey is very agile and detects danger with remarkable sharpness when one considers how small his ears are. His great size and the strength of his tail make it possible for him to jump high in the air, and with such a jump he eludes the cat on his first spring. Before his enemy has time to recover for another attack the monkey has swung himself clear of the ground into the branches of the trees.

"He is safe from the python on his perch or roost in a high tree, for although the snake can climb any tree and pursue the monkey rapidly along

the larger limbs he fears to do this when there are parrots roosting in the branches, and I have noticed that these birds and the monkeys seem to inhabit the same trees. The huge snake—and the Panama python grows commonly to a length of from 10 to 15 feet—will ascend a tree and if there are no parrots present can glide noiselessly up to a monkey and seize it before the animal is aware of danger, but the parrots sense the approach of a snake very quickly and by a peculiar series of screams, most uncanny to come from the mouths of birds, they quickly assemble large flocks of parrots from the forest round about.

"These form a long column and fly over the python, each one pecking the snake as it flies by. I have never seen this done and inasmuch as it usually happens at night I presume that this warfare is seldom seen by men. Mr. Murphy has seen it, however, and is my authority for the statement that the assault of the birds either wounds the python so badly or so completely terrifies him that he quickly lets go of the branch and allows himself to drop, or even fall, from the tree to the ground. During such a battle the monkeys keep up an incessant chatter and run about on the limbs in terror, but take no part whatever in the fight.

"I have made an effort to find out from Mr. Murphy as well as from the cholos of the jungle whether the Panama python tries to charm the monkeys from their perches in the trees in the way described by Kipling in one of his jungle stories. It is possible that he does, but none of the men with whom I have talked on this subject has ever witnessed such an incident. Of my own knowledge, however, and this is backed up by the experience of Mr. Murphy and many others, I know that the monkey is peculiarly restless on moonlight nights, and in the period of the full moon especially the jungle chatters all night long with monkey talk. The noise seems not to awaken the parrots and parakeets, however, for these garrulous birds remain silent during the whole monkey concert, just as they do on dark nights.

"Mr. Murphy has a theory that this moonlight concert of the monkeys is carried on in relays; that is, that a tribe will arrange to have certain of its number make a noise for a certain length of time on moonlight nights and then at an agreed time these will be relieved and others will take up the cacophony. The theory is that on moonlight nights, when the limbs of the trees are flooded by the ghostly white light which the moon sends out in the tropics, the enemies of the monkey find it possible to scare them from the trees, and that the noise is kept up until daylight for the purpose of reassuring the other members of the tribe and of scaring away the enemy. This mounting guard, if such it may be called, is only one of several social manifestations that I have noted among the big monkeys of the Trinidad Valley.

"The monkeys of the Chagres Valley are of the small or spider type, and although I have made several excursions of a few days into the jungle along the Chagres and Gatun rivers I have not had the same opportunity of observing



Mr. George Grossmith, who is a son of a more famous father of that name, is an easy figure to caricature. He is phenomenally tall and lanky, and these physical peculiarities are responsible for much of his success as a comedian.



Signor Caruso.

AS MAX BEERBOHM SEES FOREIGN CELEBRITIES



M. Rostand.

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The Adventures of the Laxworthy Trio

Continued from Thirteenth Page.

oral moments. Then he rose slowly to his feet.

"My dear young lady," he said, "nothing that you can do or leave undone can alter one hair's breadth the course of events which are likely to transpire. My advice to you is to wait."

"I feel sure you're right," she declared with a little sigh of relief. "It's very nice of you, Mr. Laxworthy."

"They were on their way back to the hotel," Mr. Laxworthy consulted his watch and frowned.

"I have lost count of time to the extent of four minutes," he said irritably. "Good afternoon, Miss Chambers."

Mr. Laxworthy's room looked out at the back of the hotel. He had scarcely seated himself in his customary chair when there was a hurried tap at the door and Forrest Anderson entered.

"He left the flower farm two minutes ago," Mr. Anderson announced. "You'll see him in a minute or two coming around that belt of trees."

Mr. Laxworthy nodded and adjusted a small but powerful set of binoculars. In a few moments the figure of the flower farmer appeared in the direction indicated. He was coming straight toward the back of the hotel along a small footpath, walking hurriedly and more than once stopping to look behind.

Suddenly when within about a couple of hundred yards of his apparent destination he checked his pace and commenced to saunter. A man was on his way to meet him. Mr. Laxworthy gave vent to an exclamation of annoyance.

"They will be too far away to be of any use to me," he muttered. "Slip down quickly, Forrest, and disturb them. If they see you they will certainly come nearer to the hotel rather than further away."

Mr. Laxworthy through his glasses watched the meeting of the two men. At first they stood face to face. Presently they sat down on a fallen log. Then Mr. Anderson, strolling along and whistling loudly, disturbed them. The man who had issued from the hotel rose and greeted them respectfully. Mr. Anderson paused for a moment and the man who had issued from the hotel stopped every now and then to admire the view.

"The flower farmer and his companion rose and came slowly together toward the hotel. At the edge of the kitchen garden they paused and seated themselves upon a bench almost immediately under Mr. Laxworthy's window. They talked earnestly for a time and then parted.

Mr. Laxworthy shut his binoculars with a faint smile. He then had his tea moved into Sydney's room, on the other side of the corridor, and settled down to wait for a visitor. In less than five minutes there was a knock at the door. It was the head waiter himself who entered. He closed the door behind him and advanced into the room before he spoke.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Laxworthy," he said, "but Jean Massen, the man who keeps the flower farm, is here and wishes to speak to you."

"To me?" Mr. Laxworthy repeated. The head waiter, a smart, well-groomed little man whom everybody called Luigi, bowed.

"Was not sure, sir, whether you would care to receive him," he said confidentially.

Mr. Laxworthy laid down his magazine.

"I have no objection to seeing the man," he decided. "Pray bring him here yourself."

Jean Massen, sober enough now, was ushered in a few minutes later. He scarcely waited until the door was closed before he commenced his story.

"Monsieur," he declared, "it is not only the thousand pounds reward, it is not only the money. When I think of what has been done I tremble all over. My wife too, she has inspired me to tell the truth. Monsieur, I come to you because you understand my tongue and because you first brought me word of that reward, which shows, Monsieur," he added with a cunning gleam in his eyes, "that you had some idea in your head. There is an Englishman here, an invalid, who was with me in the field when the stranger first came. Last night the Englishman came to me."

Mr. Laxworthy nodded slowly.

"Ah!" he remarked. "I noticed that he took a walk."

"He came to me, Monsieur, and he told me that the stranger was no peasant, as he seemed, but a man who was his mortal enemy. He offered me so much money that I dare not mention it if I would take one of my own pruning knives and stab the stranger while he slept. Monsieur, how could I? What

I did do was this. I said to him, 'Monsieur, if you have a quarrel with that man, he lies there in my barn, and his affair is none of mine. Settle your differences and my ears are deaf.' It was finished."

"He left me, Monsieur, and he shook like a leaf, but he went out toward the barn, and on the way he picked up one of my pruning knives from the top of a barrel. What he did in that barn, Monsieur, who but the good God shall tell?"

Mr. Laxworthy had listened to the farmer's recital, and his face had remained like the face of a sphinx.

"This, then, Jean Massen, is all that you know of the affair?" he asked now.

"It is all, Monsieur, and more than enough," the man declared.

"The truth in these matters is the only safety," Mr. Laxworthy said quietly. "Go to the chief of the police and tell him what you have told me. If the Englishman is taken the reward will be yours."

The man breathed a deep sigh.

"I wish you good day, sir," he said, and left the room.

Mr. Laxworthy, from the balcony, watched him descend the hill and take the path through the woods into Hyeron. Then, with a little shrug of the shoulders, he resumed his study of the *Quarterly Review*.

It was in the lounge after dinner that evening that the guests of the Paradise Hotel at Hyeron were witnesses of a tragedy unique perhaps in the lives of most of them. The band was playing the music of a popular comic opera. People were standing about in little knots, talking before settling down to their bridge. Mr. Lenfield, looking very pale and ill, was taking his coffee and liquor with his friend Mr. Hamar. The American girl was there, and Luigi himself was serving them.

Then down the broad passageway, which led through the lounge, a sergeant, followed by a gendarme, pushed his way, to the consternation of everyone. They were accompanied by an interpreter in plain clothes. They walked straight to where Mr. Lenfield was sitting. The American girl who saw them first, went pale to the lips. The young man himself sat perfectly still. His eyes were set in a fixed stare, his cheeks were dusky. The sergeant came to a standstill before him.

"Monsieur," he announced, "it is my duty to arrest you for the murder of a man whose name is at present unknown to me. You are Jean Massen, the man who murdered him. I can furnish you with satisfactory proof."

Mr. Laxworthy's hand suddenly fell upon the shoulder of the head waiter. With a crash Luigi's tray of liquor fell to the ground. He sprang back.

"It is a lie!" he shrieked.

The gendarme seized him by the wrist. Mr. Laxworthy cleared his throat.

"The murdered man, John Beggs," he said, "was responsible for the arrest of this man, Luigi Cantello. The man and his nephew here were both members of the Camorra, and John Beggs, who fled at once to England, has been since then with a price upon his head."

"He came out here to watch, I believe, over Mr. Lenfield, with whose affairs I have nothing whatever to do. He came face to face with Luigi Cantello, and was a frequent visitor at the flower farm, and he has paid the penalty of his crime. Jean Massen, the farmer, and Luigi here is not and cannot be under the circumstances, who were certainly incriminating, the deed could easily be fixed upon the Englishman, Lenfield, and the reward would have been placed there in my possession."

There was a moment's breathless silence. The sergeant had turned toward Luigi. With a sudden, fierce movement the head waiter wrenched himself from the grasp of justice. He changed his mind. A knife flashed in the air. His own death cry was drowned in the shrieks of the women. The man had paid his own debt.

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The third story in this series is "Rachael, the Woman of Death," which will appear in next Sunday's SUN.

Salvation Army's Home for Girls

Continued from Twelfth Page.

much as the unsatisfied longing for congenial society. We are trying to meet this need. When the young woman who has probably been subjected to the heartless criticism of an unthinking employer for a number of hours during the day realizes that she has a home and a hearth to go to when quitting time has arrived the trials become less severe.

"At the Martha Washington Club our daughters will not be required to confine themselves to narrow rooms. They can roam through the whole establishment, romp, play or do anything they please, within reasonable limitations."

Col. Bovill said in this work the Salvation Army has the hearty cooperation of the leading clubwomen in Cleveland. These women have made possible the acquisition of the property and the furnishing of the home. Many of the individual clubs which hold membership in the federation have agreed to furnish rooms and in other ways to promote the efficiency of the establishment.

The clubwomen will assist the home in protecting itself against imposition and will ascertain the antecedents of girls who are candidates for "adoption." They will also advance funds to pay the cost of entertaining young women who are temporarily out of employment.

"This is only a beginning," said Col. Bovill. "We are thoroughly convinced not only of the practicability of our scheme but of its efficacy as well. It is not a 'crank' movement. It resulted from a close study of the problems which it is intended partly at least to solve."

It is planned to have several of these establishments in New York. One may be located at a central point in Manhattan, another in Brooklyn and a third in The Bronx. Many of the clubwomen of the city have already indicated a desire to cooperate with Commander Miss Evangeline Booth and Mrs. Bovill in this work.

Most prominent among these is Mrs. William Grant Brown, past president of the Federation of Women's Clubs. Mrs. Brown is also president of the women's auxiliary to the rescue department of the Salvation Army. Mrs. Robbins Lau, another well known clubwoman and active as an auxiliary in the rescue work of the Salvation Army, has promised to aid in this new venture.

The matter will probably be taken up officially by the various clubs interested in the promotion of welfare work among the working girls of New York.

The home is located at the corner of Fortieth and Scoville streets, Cleveland. It has 100 rooms besides a large basement which will be fitted up for a dining room accommodating at one sitting more than 100 girls. The property was donated by A. J. Johnson of Barberton, Ohio. It was, however, burdened with a mortgage of \$21,000, but as the value of the property when donated was easily \$45,000 Mr. Johnson's gift amounted to the respectable sum of \$24,000.

Col. William Evans, who is in charge of the territory in which the home is located, was unable to find any real use for the building for a number of years. But when the project of building girls' homes along unique lines was suggested by Gen. Bramwell Booth he, with Col.

Margaret Bovill, the national secretary for the women's and children's departments, decided that it would serve such a purpose admirably.

The women's clubs of Cleveland came to the aid of the promoters and it seems that the financing of the enterprise is now fully assured. The home will be opened early in January.

"Cleveland, like many other cities, has a large number of young women who are receiving salaries of \$5 a week. It is not an easy matter when living away from home for these girls to keep good and straight on so small a sum," Col. Evans said recently. "My intention in having the home so fitted up is to assist in solving one of the most difficult problems with which the nation is now confronted, that of finding the means by which young girls can live on small and even insignificant salaries and still enjoy the comforts, recreations and social advantages that they would enjoy in their own homes."

The home will be under the general supervision of Col. Margaret Bovill, but under the immediate care of "Mother" Christina Norland and "Mother" Mary Goodall. Each of these young women has the rank of adjutant in the Salvation Army.

Volunteer lecturers and teachers from the Y. W. C. A., the public schools and the women's clubs will take part in directing the education of the young girls. Domestic science will be taught by able exponents of that useful art.

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Gith.

Mr. Hawtrey to Mr. du Maurier: "Stick to the quiet method and you'll be just the same presently."

them that was given to me on the Trinidad. Nor have I had the same practical guidance which my strange jungle friend has been able to give me.

"It was my purpose to outfit an expedition with sufficient supplies so that I could spend several weeks along the headwaters of the Chagres River, and I hoped to return with a fresh fund of information about the monkeys of that section. Later I will tell you why I have changed my mind about this."

"From the little I have seen of the spider monkey I know that he also lives in tribes in the trees and that, unlike the black monkey, he is easily domesticated and takes kindly to the pampered life of the native settlements. One of the spider monkeys is in captivity at the fire department house in Culebra, and I have spent many hours studying the wisest of all the monkeys that I have met."

"Ordinarily he is allowed to run about the fire house and in the yard in front of it at will, but occasionally, after he has broken some rule that he knows well, the firemen will restrict his movements by fastening a light chain to his belly band and placing the other end through a ring upon a wire which is stretched across one end of the yard.